

Good Morning 628

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Talk of Parties for A.B. HAROLD SOANE



Stuart Martin writes on American Crime Judge said 'Framed Man' was 'Guilty Anyhow'

I ONCE got a beat (in Britain we call it a scoop) for a Chicago newspaper when a man's life was at stake. It was when the whole of the U.S.A. was on its hind legs over the Mooney conviction.

Walking down Lake Shore Drive with Danny Stanton, the smart boy in charge of Al Capone's labour organisation, he piped this about the labour situation and strikes in general. "Boy," he said with conviction, "I know all about labour and strikes. I was in the Pennsylvania steel strike of 1919, and others. Karl Marx won't help the workers to get bigger wages. The thing that will help is chemistry. Dynamite, by God!"

Well, I thought that was pretty fast, so I told Danny that he'd said it; and I was going to say it after him—in the next edition. And when

that came out as a streamer there was a howl from the "break the unions" officials that went up to the clouds, and higher.

For I had been to see Tom J. Mooney in the San Quentin Prison, and Tom looked a sad enough man, grey hair, very grey hair, lined face; reminiscent he was. I don't know if my beat helped Thomas J. Mooney, for he was in prison because they said he had used dynamite, but at least my story added another faggot to the blaze that was roaring upward. Anyway, I had another thing up my sleeve, and in time that broke, too, and Mooney smiled bitterly when he heard it. There is no radio, no telegraph, gets inside a prison in America quicker than a bit of news worth while.

Let's have a look at the Mooney case, the result of

which sent his wife and his old mother travelling far and wide to demand that Tom be freed.

We've got to go back a bit to begin. Thomas J. Mooney was one of the foremost Labourites in San Francisco around 1915. After the McNamara case, which I have related already, San Francisco became moribund politically. The trade unions' power declined.

But Mooney was a straight-forward fister. He was a moulder by trade, and an energetic organiser, a strike leader. He associated with "anarchists," and was something of a philosopher. He was against the European war. He raged against it. Some time before this he had been arrested and charged with a dynamite offence, but got off after three trials.

In the spring of 1916 he and

his wife, Rena, were defeated in an attempt to get the railway carmen to strike. That was a black mark against them by those who hated unions.

The truth was that at that time America was suffering—I mean suffering—from a kind of mild hysteria called "preparedness," just as it had suffered from a hysteria against the "Communist bastards." That was the phrase, used by even a judge.

Well, those who were anxious for a "preparedness" (meaning ready for war) demonstration fixed up one in which all organisations, except the Labour unions, intended to parade the city.

On the 22nd of July, 1916, at 2 p.m. a great crowd gathered on the Embarcadero and in the side streets off Lower Market Street. The parade was on.

At six minutes past 2 p.m. the head of the demonstrating columns, with the Mayor of San Francisco and the Governor of California leading, swung into Market Street. At the same time a detachment of the Spanish War veterans came in from Steuart Street to join the columns.

A band was playing military music. Everybody was keyed up; but not for what happened just then.

A bomb next a saloon wall exploded. Six people were killed and forty injured, of whom four died within a few days.

Was this the work of the "Radicals," the Unionists, the Anarchists? You know how hatred flares up. The demonstrators for "preparedness" let it go; and four or five days later Thomas J. Mooney, his wife, Warren K. Billings, Israel Wembury and Ed. D. Nolan were arrested.

Billings was a young man, aged 22. He was a rising man in the Labour movement, and he believed in "direct action." He had previously been con-

victed of carrying explosives in a passenger tramcar. Wembury was a bus driver, who occasionally drove Mooney and Mrs. Mooney in his jitney. His son was a pupil of Mrs. Mooney, who taught music.

Nolan was also a Labourite, and a friend of Mooney. But it was Mooney the law was after, or rather the exponents of the law. District Attorney Charles Fickert, it was said, had been elected to that post to get after the unions. He certainly seemed to drive against them.

First thing District Attorney Fickert did after the explosion was to hire a private detective named Swanson to investigate the affair. Swanson had tried once before to get Mooney on a dynamiting charge, but failed.

WHAT a long road you live in, A.B. Harold Soane. We thought that we'd never get to your house, but there it was, tucked snugly away between 356 and 360, in Stockport-road, Levenshulme, Manchester.

Eunie opened the door to us and gave us a right royal welcome, too. Unfortunately, your mother was out doing a spot of shopping, and we didn't see her at all. Eunie says that she would be sorry to have missed us, and so indirectly she sends a message from her.

"Take care of yourself, son; I'm looking forward to the day when you'll be home with us all again."

"What a day that'll be, too. Harold! You're in for a whale of a time, if you ask us."

Barbara was eleven on February 17, and she had a party at home to celebrate. We were told she had loads of good things to eat, including a real iced cake with candles on it. Lucky kid! This sounds all very nice to us, but Eunie informed us that it'll be nothing compared with the party they

are going to have when Cyril, Norman and yourself come home. "A slap-up do," a "Real slap-up do," she said.

Young Raymond has certainly got the drumming craze since you taught him to use the "sticks." Of course, he hasn't got a real drum yet, but this doesn't daunt him by any manner o' means. Oh dear no! Much to the annoyance of the household, he "uses a noisy fing" instead!

It's a funny thing, too, but his mother's cake tins and saucepan lids have been doing a disappearing act quite a lot of late!

All the family are well, and hope you are too. Your mother has had a letter from Cyril, and from all accounts he seems to be faring nicely now. Incidentally, he hopes to be home some time in the summer. With him, he's going to bring a pair of football boots to teach that nephew of yours the "right," and we say "right," way.

Keep up the good work, Harold, and good luck to you.

It was stated that his witnesses declined to testify.

You must know that legal matters in America are conducted somewhat differently from legal matters in Britain, and the first of the trials was that of Billings. It took place in the autumn of 1916.

A waiter named McDonald, for the prosecution, stood up and said that at 1.50 p.m. on July 22 he saw Billings place a suitcase against the saloon wall in Market Street, and then have some conversation with Mooney.

Several other witnesses stood up and said the same thing. Billings, protesting his innocence, was convicted of manslaughter and sent for life to Folsome Prison.

And later, McDonald, the (Continued on Page 3)

New Home Planned for Sto.

Bob Hayes



Raspberries
are our
favourite
fruit.

So write and tell us
what you really think
about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—
"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

YOUR wife had only just returned from work when we called at Lower Tower-street, Hockley, Birmingham, Stoker Bob Hayes. But we couldn't help thinking she would have taken first prize in any beauty competition even in her working clothes.

We went round to your mother-in-law's just round the corner, and learnt that Fahey is getting married again at Easter. The bridegroom is Joe. Here's another bit of news—you're again an uncle. Louis has had a baby daughter. Weighed 10 lbs. and Mother and Baby are both doing well.

David has just had a birthday, all the local kids came in to a party. They had great fun.

Your wife told us that you are moving into a new home.

You've been there many times, and you always said you love it. Now guess where?

Well it's your mother-in-law's place. She's moving out for you and she's having the place done up for when you return. Very sporty of her. But she looks a good mother-in-law, and the nice things she told me about Bob would make you blush.

As your wife powdered her face in readiness for a picture, she asked us, "What shall I tell Bob? Something nice, something sweet, something to make him know I love him heaps and heaps?" Well, we leave it to your imagination, Stoker Hayes.

By the way, the Missus at the Crown sends her kind regards. Eggo is coming home soon from South Africa, and young David wants you to hurry home and make him some more toys.

Bolero for Sto. Bert Seccombe

YOUR mother is looking after that mouth-organ of yours, at 114, Albert-street, Camden Town, N.W.1., Stoker Albert Seccombe, and she is hoping that it won't be long before you are able to join your father in playing your favourite, "Bolero."

Your mother thought it would surprise you to hear that your young brother has just become engaged to Mary, and both are hoping you will be home for the wedding.

Leslie, by the way, recently passed his course as a driver in the Royal Engineers, and now seems to be settling down to Service life.

Another soldier whom the family hear quite a lot of, is your Uncle Bert, who was expected home from France on a short leave shortly after our visit.



"You've got a daughter, Judge, and I'm going to make you know how it feels to lose one," wrote the Rattlesnake, when he'd done his four years. But in this story O. HENRY shows how, when men propose, a woman in love will sometimes dispose—and win the day.

ONE DOLLAR'S WORTH

THE judge of the United States court of the district lying along the Rio Grande border found the following letter one morning in his mail:—

Judge.—When you sent me up for four years you made a talk. Among other hard things, you called me a rattlesnake. Maybe I am one—anyhow, you hear me rattling now. One year after I got to the pen, my daughter died of—well, they said it was poverty and the disgrace together. You've got a daughter, Judge, and I'm going to make you know how it feels to lose one. And I'm going to bite that district attorney that spoke against me. I'm free now, and I guess I've turned to rattlesnake all right. I feel like one. I don't say much, but this is my rattle. Look out when I strike.

Yours respectfully,

RATTLESLAKE.

Judge Derwent threw the letter carelessly aside. It was nothing new to receive such epistles from desperate men whom he had been called upon to judge. He felt no alarm.

Later on he showed the letter to Littlefield, the young district attorney, for Littlefield's name was included in the threat, and the judge was punctilious in matters between himself and his fellow men.

Littlefield honoured the rattle of the writer, as far as it concerned himself, with a

smile of contempt; but he frowned a little over the reference to the Judge's daughter, for he and Nancy Derwent were to be married in the fall.

Littlefield went to the clerk of the court and looked over the records with him.

They decided that the letter might have been sent by Mexico Sam, a half-breed border desperado who had

been imprisoned for manslaughter four years before. Then official duties crowded the matter from his mind, and the rattle of the revengeful serpent was forgotten.

Court was in session at Brownsville. Most of the cases to be tried were charges of smuggling, counterfeiting, post-office robberies, and violations of Federal laws along the border. One case was that of a young Mexican, Rafael Ortiz, who had been rounded up by a clever deputy marshal in the act of passing a counterfeit silver dollar. He had been suspected of many such deviations from rectitude, but this was the first time that anything provable had been fixed upon him.

Ortiz languished cosily in gaol, smoking brown cigarettes and waiting for trial. Kilpatrick, the deputy, brought the counterfeit dollar and handed it to the district attorney in his office in the court-house. The deputy and a reputable drug-gist were prepared to swear that Ortiz paid for a bottle of medicine with it. The coin was a poor counterfeit, soft, dull-looking, and made principally of lead. It was the day

before the morning on which the docket would reach the case of Ortiz, and the district attorney was preparing himself for trial.

"Not much need of having in high-priced experts to prove the coin's queer, is there, Kil?" smiled Littlefield, as he thumped the dollar down upon the table, where it fell with no more ring than would have come from a lump of putty.

"I guess the Greaser's as good as behind the bars," said the deputy, easing up his holsters. "You've got him dead. If it had been just one time, these Mexicans can't tell good money from bad; but this little yaller rascal belongs to a gang of counterfeiters, I know. This is the first time I've been able to catch him doing the trick. He's got a girl down there in them Mexican jacals on the river bank. I seen her one day when I was watching him. She's as pretty as a red heifer in a flower bed."

Littlefield shoved the counterfeit dollar into his pocket and slipped his memoranda of the case into an envelope.

Just then a bright, win-

some face, as frank and jolly as a boy's, appeared in the doorway, and in walked Nancy Derwent.

"Oh, Bob, didn't court adjourn at twelve to-day until to-morrow?" she asked of Littlefield.

"It did," said the district attorney, "and I'm very glad of it. I've got a lot of rulings to look up, and—"

"Now, that's just like you. I wonder you and father don't turn to law books or rulings or something! I want you to take me out plover-shooting this afternoon. Long Prairie is just alive with them. Don't say no, please! I want to try my new twelve-bore hammerless. I've sent to the livery stable to engage Fly and Bess for the buckboard; they stand fire so nicely. I was sure you would go."

They were to be married in the fall. The glamour was at its height. The plovers won the day—or, rather, the afternoon—over the calf-bound authorities. Littlefield began to put his papers away.

There was a knock at the door. Kilpatrick answered it. A beautiful, dark-eyed girl with a skin tinged with the faintest lemon colour walked into the room. A black shawl was thrown over her head and wound once around her neck.

She began to talk in Spanish, a voluble, mournful stream of melancholy music. Littlefield did not understand Spanish. The deputy did, and he translated her talk by portions, at intervals holding up his hand to check the flow of her words. "She came to see you, Mr.

1. A shapka is a German drink, Russian hat, Austrian guide, Red Indian weapon?

2. From what county is a man called a "tyke" supposed to come?

3. What is the difference between (a) haggis, (b) haggils?

4. What are the meanings of the girls' name (a) Anne, (b) Celia?

5. What would you do with an ecossaise: eat it, kiss it, dance to it, drink it?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Clock, Watch, Chronometer, Hour-glass, Sundial, Repeater.

Answers to Quiz in No. 627

1. Wood.
2. Furniture, rooms, attendants, dance tunes.
3. (a) a musical term, (b) corrosive.
4. (a) Peaceful ruler, (b) Husbandman.
5. Toadflax.
6. Cf. is not a musical abbreviation; others are.

Littlefield. Her name's Joya Treviñas. She wants to see you about—well, she's mixed up with that Rafael Ortiz. She's his—she's his girl. She says he's innocent. She says she made the money and got him to pass it. Don't you believe her, Mr. Littlefield. That's the way with these Mexican girls; they'll lie, steal, or kill for a fellow when they get stuck on him. Never trust a woman that's in love!"

READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW

I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



THEY don't build any more baths for ladies of the harem now in Turkey, and they are converting some of those that were built for other uses. The one I visited still stands in Constantinople. It was built by Ab-dul Hamid (whom Gladstone called "Ab-dul the Damned") for his females, and so strict was the law that if any outsider snoopied around he was liable to be shot or bastinadoed.

I got inside—never mind how—and had a bath in the water in which the ladies splashed with only their deformed guards in attendance. But the ladies were absent that day. The water was warm from a spring, the depth only a few feet, and the flagstones mighty slippery.

Every lady had a cubicle for herself in which she undressed before going into the water down the steps.

Were they beautiful as hours of Paradise? They were NOT. They were mostly of elderly proportions and years. Some kept their veils on, even in the water, in which they stood up to their waists, for the face of a harem lady is more sacred than her hip.

They came to the bath in closed carriages, their figures wrapped in black robes; and after the dip they were bundled back into the carriages and carried to the harem, their mild excitement ended. The remnant of that galaxy of beauty is probably still alive to-day; but Ab-dul has gone, and the bath is empty, except for the water that flows in and drains out again.



IS it gambling if billiards players agree that the loser pays for the game?

Hilpertion Parish Council, Wilts, are worried about this, because £1,800 is at stake. They want to build a new institute at Hilpertion, but the Y.M.C.A. won't contribute the £1,800 it got for insurance when the old institute was burned down if gambling is allowed.

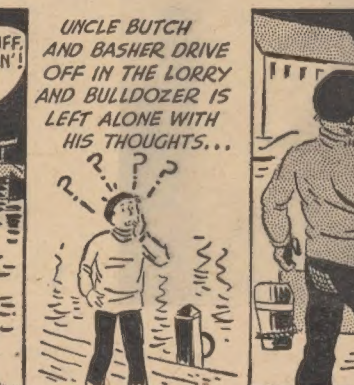
And "loser pays," the Y.M.C.A. says, amounts to gambling.

Council chairman Mr. E. Fear-Hill says, "No, it is the price of skill." Anyhow, they're going to thrash the problem out at a public meeting—and the loser will pay!

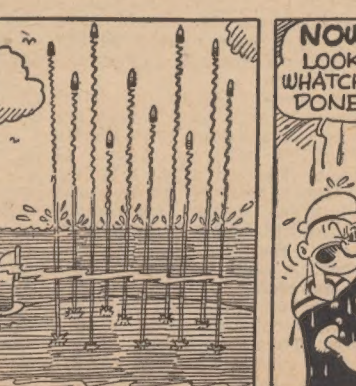
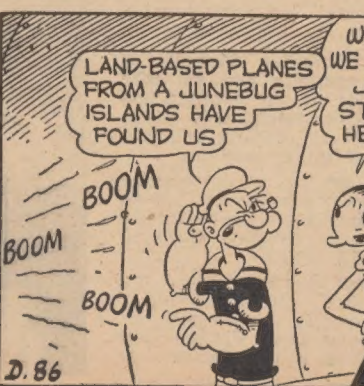
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 567

1. Behead a poet and get some vessels.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? *Fo throw phel a typl a si teitil tol.*
3. What famous explorer had P for the exact middle of his name?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: *We kept the beer in a —, — it went flat.*

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 566

1. B-ring.
2. If at first you don't succeed, try, try try again.
3. AmuNDsen.
4. Sent tens.

JANE

The Conviction of Tom Mooney

(Continued from Page 1)

waiter, admitted perjury in his evidence.

Mooney's trial began in January, 1917. By this time the prosecution's case had weakened more than a little.

Photographs taken during the parade on the roof of the building where Mrs. Mooney had her studio—a mile from the scene of the explosion—were developed and enlarged. They showed by the picture of a clock in the photographs that Mooney and his wife were on the roof, viewing the procession, at 1:58 p.m.

So McDonald altered his story and now said that Billings was in the saloon doorway between 1:30 and 1:45. This would give just possible time for Mooney to get back to the roof by 1:58 p.m.

But there were other witnesses. The most important put up by the prosecution was

Frank C. Oxman, a cattleman from Oregon. He said that he was standing at the corner of Market and Stuart Streets about 1:30 to see the parade; and he saw Mooney and Billings drive up in a Ford car. The car, said the cattleman, looked like Wembrey's jitney. There were three persons in it, he said.

With almost superhuman prevision he took the number of the car—and it was Wembrey's!

Now, ever since his arrest Mooney had been called all the names in print and out of it that were likely to generate dislike of him. He was called an anarchist, a pro-German, and lots more.

District Attorney Fickert called him a "dangerous man," and hinted that he was even probably a German agent.

The upshot of all this hysteria was that Thomas J.

Mooney was sentenced to death.

A little later Mrs. Mooney was tried and acquitted. Nolan was kept in prison for nearly two years, and then released for lack of evidence.

They certainly do things in U.S.A. Mooney was taken to San Quentin, where I saw him. But almost immediately after he was shoved into prison face came to light that disturbed many people.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE CORNER IN No. 627.

1. Fish.
2. L is used as a Roman figure; others are not.
3. Worse.
4. 7 persons. (One boy, his parents, his paternal grandparents, and his father's brother and sister).
5. Box.
6. Guards is not a group name; others are.
7. Z.
8. (a) 61, (b) 21.
9. Race.
10. N is not fully symmetrical; others are. (Try looking at them in a mirror: the N is reversed, but the others are the same both ways round).
11. Sunset.
12. (a) No, (b) Yes, (c) Yes.

It was proved beyond any doubt that cattleman Oxman from Oregon, instead of being in San Francisco on the explosion day, was actually staying with friends in Woodland, Cal., nearly two hundred miles off.

Oxman was later tried for perjury, with Fickert prosecuting him; but the judge said he thought Mooney was "guilty anyhow"; and Oxman got off on a technical point!

All this started another uproar. People openly said that Mooney had been framed. People also demanded that he be released, since other witnesses against him were discredited. But Tom J. Mooney was still held at San Quentin.

Then in 1917, President Wilson got over his disinclination to fight, and America went to war. The following year the President wrote to Governor Stephens, of California, urging him to start a new trial.

So in face of this the Governor of California postponed Mooney's execution. Mooney had been in the Death Row all this time.

But the war had to be won. It was won; and then Mooney was granted commutation.

His old mother stumped the country demanding his release. Years passed, but she still stumped. Then she died.

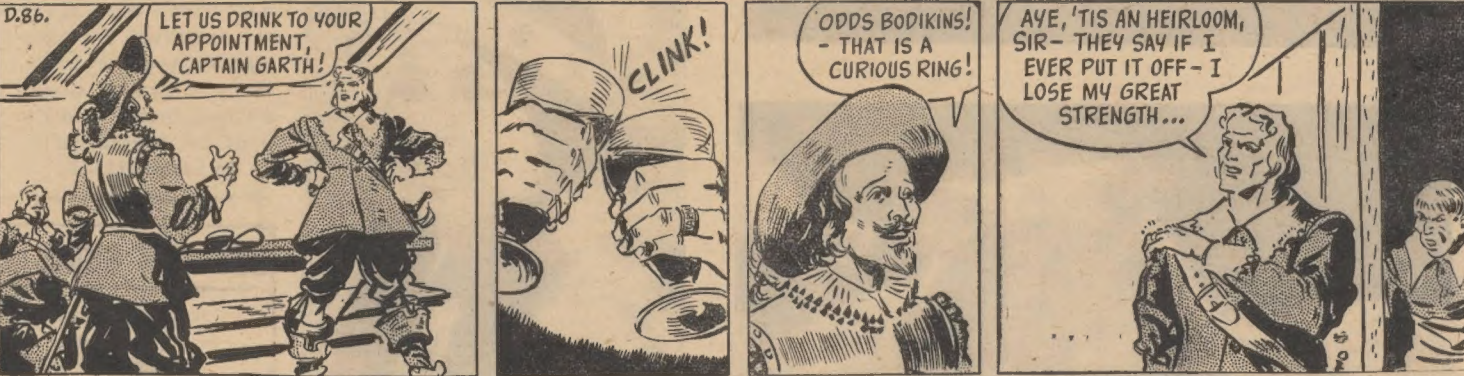
But Thomas J. Mooney was released—after more than twenty years. He got what they call a "pardon."



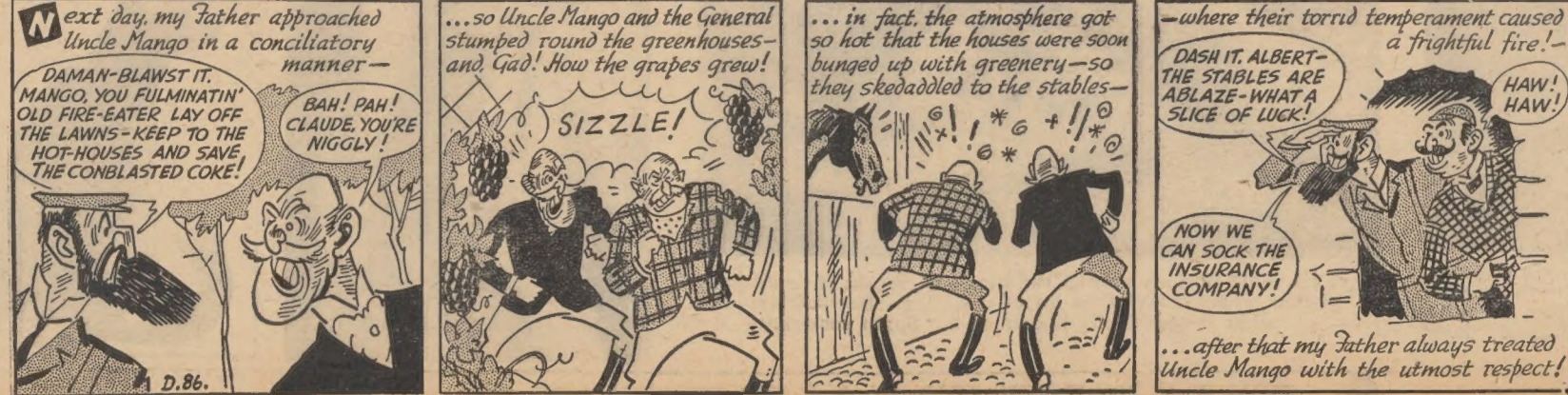
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



The Things People Do

THERE'S one man in London who knows he's lost his best customer for good—and is glad about it. His name is Mr. Charles Glennie, chief of a clothing business in the Strand.

Before the war he helped to dress the Mikado of Japan. The firm received tremendous orders for underwear and socks to adorn the trunk and feet of the yellow men's Emperor. But there was one stipulation.

So that no "inferior person" should handle the Mikado's vests and pants, it was insisted that Mr. Glennie must wrap each article separately in transparent paper, seal it up and initial it. Then they were carefully packed and delivered in Tokio.

The reason for the huge quantities (the first "sample order" was for eight dozen sets of underwear and 23 dozen pairs of socks) was that the Mikado could not wear any article more than once. If they were laundered they would be touched by "inferior people."

THE Town Councillors of Ashford, Kent, are worried men. They have discovered that they are a bit behind the times with their cab licensing by-laws. The only rules they could find covered horse-drawn vehicles, vehicles drawn by one goat or two goats, or by one ass or two mules.

D. N. K. BAGNALL.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

A	S	A	I	F	A	I	R	
I	R	A	N	B	E	R	N	E
T	U	B	E	R	W	A	G	E
C	R	O	W	E	D	M	O	L
H	A	T	B	E	F	I	T	E
L	H	U	M	U	S	M		
M	L	O	T	U	S	B	A	N
E	M	I	R	R	E	C	I	P
N	A	V	A	L	E	A	G	L
D	E	C	O	Y	S	H	E	D
B	E	R	E	T	J	E	T	Y

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10			11		12			
13						14		
15			16			17		
		18	19	20				
21	22	23			24			25
	26				27			
28				29	30		31	
32			33			34		
35		36	37					
38						39		

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Cleanser, 5 Travelled 10 Duty, 12 Fairy, 13 Provoked, 14 Fuel, 15 Surround by, 16 Success, 17 Carp, 19 Pigment, 21 Frill, 24 Exercise, 26 Squeamish women, 28 Sailing ship, 29 Liquid container, 31 Direction, 32 Cricket delivery, 33 Landed estate, 35 Accustomed, 37 Wheat, 38 Expedient, 39 Plans.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Elder, 2 Ruminants, 3 Behave, 4 Part of orange, 5 Incisors, 6 Dearer, 7 Prescribed habits, 8 Rubber, 9 Shallow vessel, 11 Out thin, 17 Be crafty, 18 Writers, 20 Start afresh, 22 Stood up, 23 Squeeze, 25 Drying cloths, 27 Throw out, 28 Dim, 30 Rudiment, 31 Spring fastening, 34 Wet expanse, 36 Achieve.

Good Morning

KATHARINE
HEPBURN
KEEPS A
BLIND
DATE



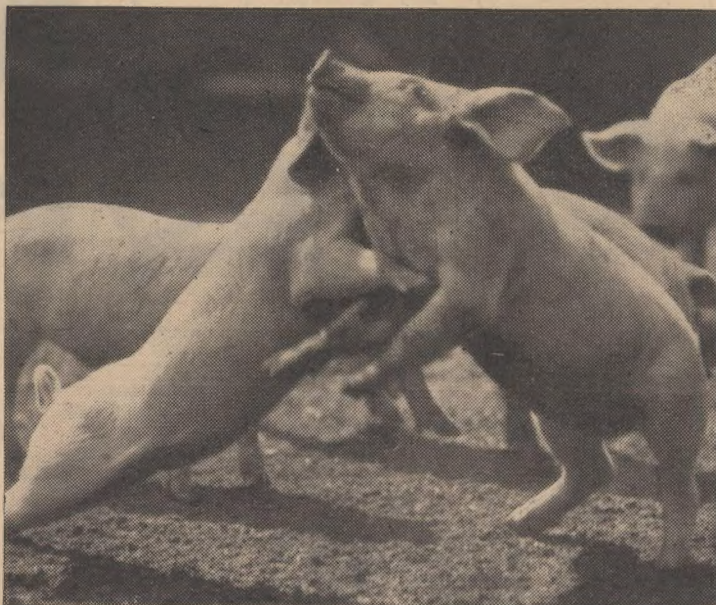
— with L. Tel. W. Young, of H.M. Submarine "Trenchant." And when you're a young lady with as many sides to your personality as Miss Hepburn, the problem of which side to present to a young submariner whom you've never met, must be quite something! Anyway, Katharine has chosen her "Morning Glory" self — and she hopes you like it, sailor.



Tucked in between the grand new buildings of Nottingham is a little piece of history. The Old Flying Horse inn was there when Robin Hood met his Merry Men in the glades of Sherwood Forest. The last time we went there we clearly saw the portly shade of Friar Tuck knocking back a cask of mead in the public bar. But when we pointed him out to a stranger he advised us to take more water with it.



This could be an all-in wrestling bout. Again, it could be the 3 o'clock in the morning after the night before. But it isn't. It's what is technically known as a "jam session."



This could be love among the pigsties. Again it could be a porker with his favourite bit of crackling. But it isn't. It's what is technically known as a "Spam session."



If you've ever wondered what really lay "beyond the hills in Idaho," here's the answer as supplied by our wandering cameraman. She's a pretty Coeur d'Alene Indian, and she lives on a reservation in Idaho, U.S.A.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Wonder how many scalps she's collected!"

